

told while it is going on, sometimes in diary form. As a result it is extraordinarily alive. We visualize every aspect of the personality of "the Tiger"—his interest in scenery, cities and buildings, his devotion to his mother, the temptations of the flesh. It is a romantic drama of incessant struggle, of hairbreadth escapes, of battle and sudden death. The unrudimentary and almost boyish character of the book adds to its charm. Here is no Elder Statesman or embittered exile methodically preparing his case for posterity, no political testament drawn up for the guidance of a successor. Impressions of cold, heat and thirst, of grief and gladness, are noted as they occur, with little time for reflection or pose. "I have written the plain truth," he declares. "I do not set these matters down to make known my deserts; I have set down exactly what occurred." Be that as it may, the memories of Babur, the grandfather of Akbar, preserve the personality of one of the most arresting figures in the history of Asia, a man of iron, but also of flesh and blood.

Political autobiography in Europe on the grand scale comes in with the seventeenth century. Sully's apologia was compiled during the long evening of his life which followed the murder of Henri IV. Few more unreadable books have been written than the hotch-potch known as the *Oeconomies Royales*, the first two volumes of which were set up in his own cMteau by a printer from Angers. To describe one's achievements in the third person, like Julius Caesar in classical times and Henry Adams in our own day, is a rare affectation. But where else shall we find a writer addressing himself? That the wealthy old statesman should employ secretaries to collect and arrange his material was natural enough; yet why should they be made to inform their master, with bows and flatteries, of

his own thoughts and deeds ? ^{ec} We have heard
you say," they
write. We are to imagine him sitting back in hfe
chair and
listening approvingly to a eulogy of his eventful
life, for all
the world, as one of his biographers remarks,
as if it were a
dtscwrs de reception at the French Academy. In
the words of
Sainte-Beuve it is a continuous ovation. The
pose is an
artistic failure, for it draws a curtain between
the author and
the reader. In 1745 the Abbf de L'ficluse tried
to make the
book more readable by taking great liberties
with the text.
Yet, with all their glaring faults of structure,
Sully's memoirs
can never be forgotten. There are nuggets in
the skg-heap.
His admiration for the most popular of French
kings burns